

# THE EDGE OF HAZARD

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BY GEORGE HORTON

## SYNOPSIS.

Frederick Hardy, a fashionable Boston society man, lost his wealth, was killed by a girl and sent by a friend to take charge of an American Trading Company store in Russia. On his journey through Japan he met Stapsleton, Neville, and a Japanese. They agreed to go together to Russia. Because of suspicious circumstances they were arrested and found upon their person were papers showing them to be a Japanese merchant. In Neville's shoes they found pictures of forts, proving him to be a Russian spy. Hardy departed for Russia on a steamer, which was wrecked shortly afterward. He was rescued by a Russian steamer. On reaching Vladivostok he was met by a Russian official, meeting Prince Romanovna on the train. Hardy boarded a vessel for Amur. Hardy showed the princess his experience as a rifle shot. The steamer was stranded. The princess and her maid were attacked by Chinese. Hardy saved their lives. The princess thanked Hardy for his heroism. Hardy slew the chief. Burning arrows were hurled upon the Russian decks. An attempt was made to board the vessel. The attacking Chinese were repulsed. Romanoff sneered at Hardy's solicitude for the princess. Stapsleton, a messenger, sent for help, was killed to a cross on the shore. To put an end to the awful torture, Hardy himself put Stapsleton out of his misery, taking his own life in his hands. Forest fires menaced the vessel. Hardy volunteered to go for help. Refused permission he jumped overboard and started to swim with the princess. Hardy rescued her. Romanoff was angry at Hardy for his brave rescue of the princess. He would have killed Hardy in his own savage way. Hardy had made love openly to a Japanese girl. Help came and the princess was rescued. Hardy journeyed a raft. Arriving at his destination he took charge of the trading company's business. Hardy received a letter from a Jew, thus connecting himself in a way with that race. Hardy received a letter from the princess. The Russian for his bravery. Hardy's teacher was in danger of death. He employed Wang as a servant. Hardy went to Moscow, where he was invited to call upon the princess. He started for the palace home of Princess Romanovna. Hardy aroused tremendous jealousy of his Korean boy by announcing that he was going to call on the princess. He engaged a cabman who drove him to a large house on a poorly lighted street. After entering the house, Hardy discovered a cabman who was a nihilist who supposed he was Felix Hulin, come to tell them of a powerful explosive he had discovered. The nihilist arrived and denounced Hardy as an impostor. The nihilist determined to kill Hardy in order to protect themselves. Finding an unloaded revolver in his overcoat pocket, he pointed it at Hulin's head, which lay on the table, and swore to blow them all up together if they touched him. Holding the nihilist at bay, Hardy started to leave the room when the police were heard at the outer door. Hulin threw his bomb, killing several policemen, the nihilist fled and reached the Jew, suddenly appeared and led Hardy to the cellar. Baruch conducted Hardy through an underground passage to another house, from which he boldly emerged and returned to his hotel. Hardy visited the princess, contributed to the fund for the relief of the victims of the nihilists. He gave more than Romanoff had. The latter, entering the room, openly insulted him. Romanoff struck Hardy, who challenged him to a duel. The Russian accepted. Preparations for the duel were made. The princess asked Hardy to spare Romanoff's life, but he himself wounded. Hardy was placed in the hospital. He sent his servant to the duel scene for a cuff button of Romanoff's, which he purposely shot off, rather than violate the princess' wish. This he sent to her.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### Murder and Mystery.

Hardy was able to leave the hospital on February the first and return to his quarters at the hotel, where he was much more comfortable, for the hospitals of Moscow are inferior to those of other European cities of equal size. He was pale and weak, but his appetite was good and he was gaining strength rapidly. Though he had come out second-best in the duel, to all appearances, yet his countenance had taken on a look not in any way characteristic of the man who has been beaten or cowed by punishment. There was something new in his eyes, and there was an expression about his mouth that suggested rather the man who has fought a mental fight and won. In his conversations with Wang he avoided all mention either of the princess or of her cousin. His only desire was to close up the business in Moscow and get back to Stretensky as soon as possible—get back to the warehouses and the great water highway that led eastward to the Pacific ocean, to that frontier of the vast Russian empire that lies close to Korea and scowls across the Japan sea at Nippon and its hive of angry, buzzing bees. In the preparations for departure the Korean boy displayed a competency and assiduity that were a revelation even to Hardy. He superintended the shipment to Stretensky of large orders of goods; he made valuable suggestions, he worked till all hours of the night, relieving his principal of the labor of correspondence and bookkeeping. In addition, he was a cheerful and even amusing companion, whose brain was fertile in delicate little attentions that made Hardy's enforced detention in the hotel less irksome.

Meantime, letters from Emery and other advisers were insistent to the effect that war was inevitable. On the morning of the 7th Wang came into the office and laid a paper down before Hardy, pointing, without a word, to a double-headed article with "scare" headlines.

**JAPAN ENRAGED**  
**HER MINISTER LEAVES PETERSBURG.**  
The mikado, in a fit of rage, withdraws Count Kurino from the Russian capital. Peppery yellow people unable to conduct civilized diplomatic negotiations—The czar's calm and dignified course.

Hardy glanced through the article, which set forth at length the Russian government's reasonable and righteous course, as alleged by the writer, and the hot-headed, childish and unwarrantable demands of the islanders.

"Well," he commented, "even this does not mean war. Russia will simply wait—she has always been waiting, and the Japanese must strike the first blow if they want war."

"Wait and see," was Wang's only reply. It was only two days later that Hardy became aware that something extraordinary had happened. Toward evening the city was seized with excitement. Some great, some terrible news was in the air. Men were talking excitedly in the corridors of the

hotel, groups were gathering in the streets, hoarsely shouting. Wang was out, so Hardy rang for a bellboy and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter!" cried the boy; "the Japanese have captured Port Arthur! They have murdered 100,000 Christians. They have sunk the whole Russian fleet, treacherously, falsely, in the night. The czar will send a great army and kill every cursed Japanese on earth. I am going, Ivan Nekresov is going—we are all going. Curse the Japanese!"

"My God!" exclaimed Hardy as the excited boy left, slamming the door, "they are at it in earnest, and the Japanese have struck hard. This means war, indeed. If the Russian navy has been destroyed it means a long war. Wang will be wild."

At this moment the Korean entered, but to Hardy's surprise, he was not carried away by excitement. There was a hectic spot on each yellow cheek, and his eyes were burning, but he was self-contained.

"Well, Wang," said Hardy, "you were right, after all, and the Japanese have attacked. I have heard some very wild rumors. Have you learned anything definite?"

"Yes," replied Wang; "what seem to be reliable reports have arrived. The mikado's fleet last night attacked the Russian ships at Port Arthur and sank the Czarovitch and the Retzian, two of the heaviest battleships in the czar's navy, and the Pallada, a cruiser. The Russians are very indignant, naturally, but they should save their feelings. The Japanese have only begun."

Within two weeks after the breaking out of the war, during which time many disastrous blows were struck at the naval prestige of Russia, Hardy was ready for the long railway journey back to Stretensky.

Wang secured a first-class compartment for his master, and second-class accommodations for himself, and the two drove to the great terminal station, which commodious building they found crowded with officers of every rank, military officials and Red Cross nurses hastening to Vladivostok and the front.

Among these, Hardy noticed the gallant, towering form of Boris Romanoff, attired in officer's cap and cloak. The prince was surrounded by a group of officers, with whom he was talking. He noticed Hardy and gave him a look of hate. The American turned his eyes quickly away and busied himself with identifying his baggage and getting it aboard.

On the morning of the third day out from Moscow the prince was found murdered in his compartment. He was lying peacefully sleeping in his berth, the last long sleep, with a slender stiletto sticking in his throat.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### Wang as a Witness.

This tragic occurrence occasioned tremendous excitement on the train, which was stopped at the next station and surrounded by a band of Cossacks. Here it was kept for three days until a squad of police and detectives could be hurried to the scene from Moscow. Numerous arrests were made and many of the passengers were questioned separately.

Wang was one of these examined. He was taken into a small, bare room on the second floor of the station, where sat a shrewd old man at a pine table. He was flanked by two younger officers, while a stenographer, stylographic pen in hand, bent over a writing pad.

"Your name is Wang?" said the officer.

"It is."

"Wang what?"

"Just Wang."

"What is your nationality?"

"I am a Korean."

"You are in the employ of the alleged American, Frederick Courtland Hardy?"

"I am in the employ of the American, Frederick Courtland Hardy."

"Be careful, sir, do not be insolent. Do not attempt to amend the expressions of the court. Make a note there—witness very intelligent and inclined to be insolent—Got it down? Very well. How do you know that he is an American?"

"Because he says he is."

"Oh, ah! very well. Tell us what you know of the duel which was fought on January 8 between this alleged American, Hardy, and his highness, the Prince Boris Romanoff. Speak the truth, or it will be the worse for you!"

"I know nothing of the duel which your honor alluded to as having taken place," replied Wang. The boy showed not the slightest sign of fear. His yellow face was flushed, he held his head high and looked the judge defiantly in the eyes.

"You know nothing of it?" roared the latter. "Do not attempt to deceive the court. We know more than you think. Did not this Hardy tell you that he had fought a duel with his highness?"

"He told me also that he was an American," replied Wang, "and since your honor intimates that his word is unreliable—"

"Make another note—witness insolent—did he or did he not tell you that such a duel had been fought?"

"He did."

"Ah! he did! That he was seriously wounded in that duel as a result of his highness' superior coolness and marksmanship, we know. We also are acquainted with the causes of said duel; that his highness was obliged to chastise this Hardy for presumption and insolence; and that it was in accordance with the request of the princess, his cousin, that his highness shot him. All this we know. You must tell us what threats of vengeance the

wounded man breathed out against the prince."

"None at all, your honor—absolutely none at all," replied Wang, turning pale, as he saw the drift of the questions.

"None at all! But this is incredible. We shall find means of making you speak the truth. Repeat those threats to us, and be careful that you conceal nothing."

"He not only uttered no such threats," said Wang, "but he even spared the worthless life of the prince, when he might have shot him dead. This he did out of regard for the princess, as he is a very knightly and perfect gentleman. He shot off Romanoff's cuff button, which he sent to her as proof of his wonderful skill, and of how he employed it on that occasion."

"A pretty story, this!" laughed the judge. "Do you not think so, gentlemen?"

Both gentlemen thought exactly as did their chief.

"I myself," insisted Wang, "went to the place of meeting, at Mr. Hardy's request, and picked up the cuff button, which I gave into the hand of the princess, who will, I have no doubt, corroborate my statement."

The judge looked sharply at Wang for several moments, and the boy returned the stare defiantly.

"Lock the witness up again," he

ordered. You will never see him or hear from him again. He is, no doubt, at this moment rotting away in a foul, damp dungeon beneath the river Neva, feeding on moldy bread and stinking water, and little of that. Prisoners that run foul of the nobility in Russia have a way of disappearing, and God knows what they suffer! But I feel sorry for him, I say, for he was a courteous gentleman, and liberal with his tips."

It was now about ten o'clock in the morning, and Wang went straight to the palace of the Princess Romanovna. The pompous butler informed him that it would be impossible to see her highness, but vouchsafed to take a note to the princess, which Wang wrote in French, much to the butler's disgust. The door was shut in Wang's face, but he was not left standing in the cold for more than 20 minutes. At the end of that time the butler threw wide the door and announced:

"Well, her highness consents to see you, after all. Remember your manners, young man, and if you have any begging scheme, don't impose on her too much. She has a very soft heart."

## CHAPTER XL.

A Princess and a Woman.  
Wang disappeared within the palace.

The Princess Romanovna received



The Prince Was Surrounded by a Group of Officers.

commanded, and the order was obeyed. Wang was kept in close confinement for four days, at the end of which time he was released and informed that nothing further was required of him by the police, who doubtless regarded him as an unsatisfactory witness. He found himself standing alone on the platform of a small railway station, facing the desolate, snow-covered plains. In the distance was a miserable peasant village, with thatched roofs. The train, which was late, the passengers, the mortal remains of the murdered prince, were gone.

Wang entered the station, sat down on a bench and thought for a long time. Then he came out on the platform and walked up and down for an hour—for two hours, after which he entered the station and passed another hour on the bench. Though he had not eaten since noon, he did not feel hungry. Toward midnight a man entered the ticket office, opened the window and lighted a lamp. Wang stepped up to the window.

"Do you expect a train?" he asked.

"Yes, in half an hour."

"Going which way?"

"To Moscow."

"How much is the fare?"

The agent told him, and the boy found that he had enough money with him to pay for a third-class ticket and leave a few roubles over, sufficient to buy food. He procured a ticket, and when the train thundered up to the station he boarded it and soon was speeding back to the Muscovite capital. Arriving there after two days and three nights of agonizing suspense, during which the ponderous train seemed to him to crawl like a giant caterpillar over the vast stretches of virgin white, he found himself again in the great station and hastened immediately to the Slaviansky Bazar.

The clerk recognized him, and from the clerk Wang learned that his employer had been taken to St. Petersburg and there lodged in prison, charged with the murder of Boris Romanoff.

"The proof against him is clear," vouchsafed the self-important and voluble clerk, "and I am sorry for him, though he deserves all he will get."

Wang in a small library on the second floor. She was walking to and fro, with her hands clasped behind her back, and her lovely brows knit in thought, the while she dictated letters to her secretary. The boy's keen glance detected that she was pale. As he entered and stood by the door, silently waiting, she turned to him eagerly and said:

"Well! What is this communication that you have to make to me? Do you bring me a letter?"

"I must see you alone," replied Wang. There was something in his manner and expression that could not be denied. The princess turned toward her secretary, saying:

"You may leave the room until I ring for you, Olga."

"But surely," protested Olga, "your highness does not wish to be left alone with this stranger? Let me stay, I beg of you, to protect you!"

Romanovna smiled.

"I fear you would be of small protection in case of danger. Besides," glancing at the boy's slight form, "this young man does not look like a dangerous person. Go, I insist!"

The girl gathered up her papers and left the room at once.

"Do you know where my master is?" demanded Wang in perfect Russian.

"Your master?"

"Yes, or my employer, if you will, though I love to call him my master. I mean the American, Frederick Courtland Hardy."

"Oh! So you are the Korean boy of whom I have heard—his secretary? No, my poor boy, I do not know where he is, further than that he is in prison in St. Petersburg charged with a terrible crime, on presumptive evidence so strong that his conviction is almost certain. Was he a kind master to you?" asked the princess. "Do you love him very much? Why, what is the matter?"

Wang turned an ashen color, reeled as if wounded and caught at the knob of a door.

"No—nothing," he gasped, "just a little faintness—the heat of the room, perhaps. I am all right now. Mr. Hardy is the kindest man that I have ever known—and the bravest and

truest gentleman that walks the earth."

"I am glad to hear him so well spoken of," said the princess. Her hands were still clasped behind her back as she stood gazing fixedly at Wang. "My acquaintance with him would lead me to have the same opinion, were it not for this terrible accusation, so strongly substantiated by evidence."

She was talking with this wonderful boy as though he were an equal.

"And do you believe this accusation—you, who love him? Shame upon you! Does not your heart tell you that he is innocent?"

It was now the Romanovna's turn to grow pale and stagger, as though she had been struck a physical blow.

"How dare you?" she cried; "you insolent boy! Did he tell you that I loved him? But no! He is a gentleman. He could not do such a thing. But something, though it cannot be my heart, tells me that he is innocent."

"Then something tells you right," said Wang, quietly, "for he did not kill your worthless cousin. I killed him!"

"You—you killed him?" Her expression, as she said these words, denoted perplexity, quickly followed by pity. "You poor boy!" she cried, "your sufferings have affected your mind. Those little hands have never committed murder—and such a terrible murder!"

"Listen," said Wang, "and you will understand and believe. The Prince Romanoff hated my master from the beginning of his acquaintance with him, because he could not make him his tool. In Japan, where the prince came as a spy, he attempted to throw suspicion on Mr. Hardy, but did not succeed in getting him into any serious trouble. His hatred was increased on the Amur because it was my master who saved your life, and not he. The affair of the duel, in which the American figured as the real hero by sparing his life at your request, changed his animosity into a resentment which Mr. Hardy's death alone could have satisfied."

"I overheard the prince talking in the station at Moscow with two of his associates. He mentioned the name of Hardy with murderous hate, and I shadowed them for two days. I learned that the prince was planning to kill my master. They were going to have the coach in which he was traveling blown up with dynamite and the rumor spread that a mistake had been made, as has happened before, and that the explosion had been intended for the car containing Romanoff and some of the nobles. I overheard the words, 'This Jew must die!' and I knew that if a noble like Romanoff had determined on the death of a man without powerful friends he would accomplish his end. I could not expose them, for how could the word of a boy like me, a despised Korean, stand against that of the Prince Romanoff. So, to save the life of my master, I killed Romanoff. I crept into his compartment at night when he was sleeping in a drunken stupor and thrust a stiletto into his heart. He sighed—a long sigh—shuddered, and kept on sleeping."

"Who are you?" asked the princess, "you who, for love, have done this dreadful deed of hate?"

"I am Aisome Mosuro, known in my own country as Aisome, the Fox. I am supposed to be cunning, brave, heartless and patriotic to the last drop of blood in my body. I am in the secret service of my country, and have been one of its most trusted agents. I speak many of the languages of Europe and all the dialects of China. And yet I am a woman—just a woman, who, at the chivalrous touch of a man's lips, find my whole nature changed, and am ready to give up all for him, friends, country, individuality, yes, even life itself, happy only if I can be near him, can serve him, can hear his voice! I—when I think of it, I am ashamed of myself," sobbed the girl, pressing a handkerchief to her eyes, "but I cannot help it. I am even now asking you to save me, if you can, for his sake. I can never see him again. He will know now that I am not Wang, the Korean boy, and besides, my hands are stained with blood. But he would be distracted if he knew that I were in the hands of the Russian authorities; he would be unhappy all his life if they were to kill me. For he loved Wang, though he has forgotten poor Aisome. I am asking you to save me for his sake, and let me go away to my own country. You do not despise me, do you, and you do not fear me?"

"Neither fear nor despise you," replied the princess, sorrowfully, "though I shrink with horror from your dreadful deed. You are a woman and a sister, and I will save you if I can, for I believe you. Alas! I know too well my cousin's revengeful and violent nature. Listen! I shall see the czar and use my woman's wits to clear Mr. Hardy without giving the name of the actual perpetrator. I am going to Port Arthur to take charge of a hospital there for our sick and wounded heroes. You must remain here in my house till I return from St. Petersburg, and then go with me to the sea coast, whence I will send you across to Japan. I believe that Mr. Hardy would wish this, and there is nothing I would not do for his sake, within honor. But if I find that it is necessary, in order to save his life—to tell my name? Then tell it, and I shall be here to say that you speak the truth!"

## CHAPTER XLI.

### Imperial Favor.

The Princess Romanovna was received by his imperial majesty in a small room of the Winter palace, a

room which, equipped with graceful and dainty furniture of the sixteenth century, was a cheerful symphony in a delicate shade of blue. The fact that she was a favorite at court, together with her high connections and her noble descent, through which she even claimed distant relationship with the Imperial family itself, rendered it comparatively easy for her to obtain a private and informal interview.

His majesty was standing when Romanovna entered, looking out of the window on the semi-circle where stands the huge monolith in honor of Alexander I. He turned, as her name was announced and smiled. She noticed that he was pale and careworn, and that his expression, even as he smiled, was very sad. Her heart went out to him in mingled affection and reverence. She bowed low with exquisite grace as his eyes fell on her, then advanced to where he stood, and, kneeling, kissed his hand. He assisted her to arise, and, still holding her hand, led her to a sofa.

"Sit, my daughter," he said, "and speak freely. There is none of our subjects to whom we will give a more indulgent ear than to you,"—and he dropped wearily on the divan. "Sit," he repeated, as she remained respectfully standing, "it is my command."

She sat down on the divan, at some distance from him, and turned her eyes on him, waiting for him to speak.

"You have our permission to proceed," he said.

"I come, sire," she began, "to speak to you of my cousin, Boris Romanoff's, death and to tell you something of the man who is accused of his murder—the American, Frederick Courtland Hardy."

"You have our deepest sympathy in this matter, my daughter," said his majesty. "I understand from the minister of justice that you loved your cousin—that you were engaged to him."

The princess remained silent.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## Where Caesar Crossed the Thames.

Where did Julius Caesar cross the Thames? This sounds like one of the questions set by staid old examiners in search of information they failed to acquire in their youth. There are perhaps as many places claiming to be the site of the famous fording as there were claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. This week Brentford has stolen a march on other places and has erected a monument commemorating Caesar's crossing of the Thames there! Most historians and topographers agree in placing the point of crossing at Hallowford at a point known as Cowey (i. e., Causeway) Stakes, and but little support is found for the Brentford theory. To many people a monument is the most convincing of evidence, and though there is little tradition to support the Brentford claim, that claim will no doubt serve to strengthen the tradition.—London Chronicle.

## Virtues of Orange Sandwich.

"If only I had known sooner about that little trick of the orange sandwich for giving castor oil to children, how many awful struggles both the baby and I would have been saved," said a mother who has been told by the doctor to give her baby this unpalatable medicine.

The orange sandwich is simply a small quantity of orange juice put into a spoon with the needed amount of oil added and over that enough orange juice to cover the oil. This is an excellent method for taking either castor or olive oil. It has been recommended several times, but is such a really valuable discovery for mothers that it is repeated for the benefit of the few who have not tried it and who still look forward to a scene every time such a dose must be given.

## The Cocaine Habit.

Not until this late day has the dangerous nature of the cocaine habit been fully recognized in New York city. The rapidly increasing number of users of the drug has at last attracted the attention of the police. Aided by a new state law they are about to begin an active campaign against the men who sell the stuff. Chicago became aware of the existence of the cocaine evil several years ago and began fighting it. Much has been accomplished, though not all that could be desired. The men who carried on a nefarious traffic have been driven out of it or driven into holes and corners. Unrelenting vigilance on the part of the authorities will ultimately put them all out of business.

## Soldier True to Training.

During the period of the "second empire" in France the "Cent Gardes" were one of its sights at the Tuileries. It was hard to distinguish them from statues. Their commander, Col. Verly, once declared to Empress Eugenie that "nothing" could make one of his men move when on duty. The empress laid a wager that she would make one of the giants stir; so, with her characteristic impetuosity she went up to one of the guards and boxed his ears. Not a muscle moved. The empress then acknowledged that Col. Verly had won the bet, and sent a salutation to the soldier, who, however, proudly refused it, saying that he had been sufficiently compensated by the honor of having had his sovereign lady's hand laid on his cheek.

## Fostering Home Industries.

By the statute of thirteen Elizabeth every person above the age of seven years and under a certain degree was obliged on Sundays and holidays to "wear a woollen cap made in England and finished by some of the fraternity cappers," under the penalty of 3s. 4d. for every day's neglect. They understood how to support native industries in those days.—London Chronicle.

## ONE OF ADAM'S TROUBLES

Incident in the Garden of Eden That Must Be Taken for What It Is Worth.

Rev. Dr. Charles Townsend of Orange was one of the speakers at the Park Presbyterian Church Men's club banquet last week, and told this story of one of the troubles of the original ancestor:

"Adam had eaten the elaborate repast furnished by his helpmeet with every indication that he relished each morsel. He complimented her upon the dainty manner in which the blue-points were served, the flavor of the puce of pen, the seasoning of the fish and entree, and finally reached a delicious salad. Adam paused, and with a worried look on his face, he demanded of Eve where she found the ingredients. She enumerated all except the lettuce.

"Where did you get those leaves?" he demanded.

"Why, they were lying on a bush in the back yard," she replied sweetly. "Well, those were my best Sunday trousers," sobbed Adam, adding, "Ah, woe is man," which was corrupted into "woman," the term by which we know Eve's daughters."—Newark Star.

## BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what was thought was heat, but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor. He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours of the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing.

"Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and to-day his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little ones suffering and also their pocket-books. John Leason, 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909."

## Sickness Insurance in Germany.

The compulsory state system of sickness insurance instituted in 1884 in Germany has proved a powerful factor in combating tuberculosis. No less powerful have been the public sanatoria, the number of beds in which have increased during the past 15 years from 243 to 8,422. Of the 299 tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals in Germany, 35 are supported by the carriers of sickness insurance. The statistics of the imperial insurance department show that as many as 42 per cent. of the number of persons treated in these institutions remained in good working health five years after being dismissed from the sanatorium.

## Lock to Welfare of Workmen.

A significant phase of the campaign against tuberculosis in Sweden is the establishment, by various industrial concerns, of sanatoria for tuberculous workmen from their own factories. The Vulcan Match Company, the Ljusne-Voxne Timber Company, the Sandviken Hardware Company, the Eriksson Telephone Company and the Stora Kopparberg Company are among those who maintain such institutions, each accommodating from fifteen to thirty patients. At these sanatoria the workmen are received free, and their families may be admitted for a small charge.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is usually the result of a diseased condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

Sold by Druggists. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Like Seeks Like.

Dentist—My dear, sir, you have a sympathetic toothache.

Patient—Then, doctor, I suppose your bill has a sympathetic touch.

**FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS AND COUGHS.**  
Allen's Lung Cure cures when all other remedies fail. This old reliable medicine has been sold for over 40 years. 50c. and 1.00 bottles. All druggists.

Of course, women are a trifle vain, but did you ever see a man pass up an opportunity to look in a mirror?

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